As Much Entertainment Afforded by the Skaters as by the Ice-Types of Skaters-Wemen Talk of One Another - The Fall-Downs-Skating Indoors and Out. The skating boom has taken a fresh start since Christmas, and skaters are enjoying

themselves immensely. There is only one arti-ficial ice rink in the city now, and it is doing a business that would fill the treasuries of three. It is the St. Nicholas Ice Skating Rink in West Sixty-sixth street. That is the official name. re properly speaking it should be called the St. Nicholas playhouse or something of the sort, for a show goes on there from morning until night. Matrons, maids and men play many parts, to say nothing of the everywhere present small boy. They appear to enjoy their entrances and exits, their ups and downs, and go falling, flying and frolicking over 16,000 square feet of ice that would shame Greenland's best product when it comes to clearness and amoothness.

Skaters appear to enjoy the sport indoors even more than outdoors. It certainly has its advantages indoors. There is no wind to contend with, no danger of the ice cracking; peither does the indoor skater have to turn play into work in order to keep warm. One immediate result of this is that those who indulge in the sport can give more time to per-fecting themselves in the art of cutting the ice. Long-ago champions the world over conceded that New Yorkers were the best skaters on the face of the globe, and no one who visits the rink is inclined to adopt the contrary opinion.

The St. Nicholas Rink stands in a peculiar relation to the public. It is owned by a corporation and is a happy solution of a problem that for years puzzled the St. Nicholas Skating Club. This club was organized years ago by a few men and women conspicuous socially in this city. They hired a lot at Fifty-seventh street and Eighth avenue and skated there for four consecutive winters. The first year the members enjoyed forty days of skating on their pond. But the climate of New York began to change. Climate is no respecter of persons and cares little for swells and their wishes. It just kept on growing warmer and warmer, and Farmer Dunn, who was paid to keep the run of such things then, chuckled to himself and prognosticated that there would be less and less skating each succeeding winter. And he was right. The time finally came when the St. Nicholas Club had only two days of skating in one winter. That settled it. The members determined to outwit nature; she wouldn't give them the cold shoulder; so they gave it to her. Nature has to get up and hump herself if she wants to get ahead of Yankee ingenuity. Which conceived the idea of an artificial ice rick. It was late in the season of 1896 when the big ice rink's doors swung open, but when they did the club members swooped down on the glassy ice pit in delight, saying, This is ours," with an exclusive shrug of joy. That was where they made their mistake. It was soon evident that the rink could not be run successfully without money, and plenty of It, and so the public had to be admitted. That's the reason the rink is so interesting a place new. All sorts and conditions and sizes of men, women and children form a perpetually moving humer kaleidoscope. Had it remained exclusive one would see there only the neatest of next little box and sizes of men. of neat little boys and girls and big boys and



THE "DEAR DEPARTED" DIDN'T OUT ANT ICE.

girls in neat skating suits, with neat skates on neat boots, and hear only the most well-regulated remarks. There would be no doing of stunts, as there is now.

Skaters can be divided into three classes, artists, scientific skaters and fall-downs. Many of each class patronize the rink day in and day out. The beginners belong to the last class, and they are many. Those who have learned to skate gracefully and well, to do some fancy skating without giving the impression of showing off, are the artists, and those who make a business of skating, the scientific skaters. The latter know the nature, constitution and forces of ice, real and artificial, and become extraordinarily expert. As a result of this knowledge they skate by rule. Each day at the rink is divided into three sessions, and skaters of all three classes are to be seen enjoying themselves in their own characteristic way, morning, afternoon, and evening. The afternoon or evening is the best time to watch the fun, for at these sessions a band plays and a much larger crowd is present than in the morning.

Just at an hour when the rink was most crowded the other afternoon are porter dropped in. Talk about the dangers of playing football! Football is a gentle sort of game compared with some of the accidental bucking tandems and centre rushes and firing wedges formed by the novices and experts of the rink. Fame is short-lived on the lee-carpeted arena. One instant this one is the centre of attraction, the next that one. At the particular moment



FIND THE CORRECT SECTO when the reporter entered the rink, a stunning-looking widow was the magnet which drew all

"Humphi" grunted a stout man occupying one of the frail chairs on shore, as the spec-tators platform is called. "There's a widow. I guess she's in too much affliction to go out.

FUN AND SPORT ON THE ICE so is amusing herself by skating. Mayor she does it to drive away melancholia. Propie who skate say that it's the best sport in the world to drive away the blues, and I have heard men who ought to know say there was nothing like getting on a few skates to chase away blue devils. The widow's a corker."

"A lot of men follow her, as fortune tellers who read the cards say," answered another man.

skate say that it's the best gort in the world to drive away the blues, and I have heard men who ought to know say there was nothing its getting on a few skates to chase away blue devils. The widow's a corker."

"A lot of men follow her, as fortune tellers who read the cards say," answered another man.

"You're just jealous," retorted a young fel-



THE ROMANCE OF THE GOLDEN SKATE.

low who seemed mightily taken with the widow. widow.
"Say, look at the lady with the gold skates,"
shricked a small boy, and the widow's day was

widow.

"Sav. look at the lady with the gold skates," shrieked a small boy, and the widow's day was done.

A young woman with a baby face had taken her place on the ice, and stood there at the entrance to the rink tanping her little gold skates against each other impatiently. She was evidently waiting for some one. At least the women all said \$0.

"There's that bold Miss Goodlooks again!" exclaimed a white-haired mother with two ungainly daughters. "She just spends her time here. Look at her waiting there for Mr. Fine-catch. I just know that's what she is doing. I would make a pretence at skating if I were in her place.

"She is," answered one of the daughters. "and she is an elegant skater, too, I think she's a pretty girl."

"Pretty with that doll baby face?" retorted the mother sharply. "I must say your education hasn't done you much good if that's your idea of beauty. Character is the only beauty that is lasting and—why, there's Mr. Fine-catch, and that cheeky woman is persuading him to skate with her."

"I he does, he is the one who'll he honored." remarked the other daughter. "He is such a sporty-looking man I can't bear him."

"That's what you say about them ail," answered the mother tartly. "and that's the reason you and your sisters skate along alone most of the time. You object to this, that and the other man, instead of taking them as they come, and a result is that you don't have half the attention that you should have."

"Tommyrot!" exclaimed a pretty young woman as the mother and her daughters walked away. "She is a typical mamma. Do you know there's something all wrong about society nowadays. Mothers deliberately seek to put their daughters in the background and to capture all the beaux for themselves. Those poor girls! I feel sorry for them. They are badly put together, but they are interesting girls, and men would like them if they got a chance, but, bless your life! their mother pushes them



THE SITTING-DOWN FIGURE CUT BY BEGINNERS. aside and appropriates all of the attentions that come that way. There is such a thing as being over-mothered."

aside and appropriates all of the attentions that come that way. There is such a thing as being over-mothered."

In the meantime she of the golden skates had coaxed the one called Mr. Finecatch on the ice, and had not only him, but overy other man there worth having, at her skates, so to speak. She may have had a baby face, but her head evidently wasn't hollow. She was by long odds the most repoular woman on the ice, and it was better than a play to listen to the remarks made about her by her sister skaters.

If the ice pit had no limits, there is no telling where the fall-downs or novices would land. But fortunately it has. The spectators platform runs the whole way around the oval, and is just the proper height to form a comfortable resting place for the skaters. The way the beginners land here would be a revelation to students of anatomy who have been taught to believe that the human body is a very delicate piece of machinery. It is nothing uncommon for laif a dozen women or as many men and boys or a mixed party, who have been attempting to hold one another up, to attempt to land themselves on the same narrow plank of this platform apparently. Six women landed with a dull, siekening thud at the reporter's feet—and the jar seemed to do no greater damage than to ioosen their tongues. They all fell to talking at once.

"Apparel may not proclaim the man," said one, allowing her eyes to sween up and down the rink. But in no sport does it so completely make the woman as in skating.

"I believe you," answered a stylish little bruncte in a smart ian suit. "A long skirt iooks about as much out of place here as a short one would at a reception."

"How short is yours?" asked a pretty blonde, addressing the last speaker.

"Four inches from the ground."

"That's an inch too long," said some one.

It gets well it's a fraction over five."

"My skirt is eight full inches from the ground," volunteered, a trim Foung woman, rising and doing a toe spin and then cutting a

What I mean is this: See those three girls skating together? One has on a trim skating suit of the most fashionable design, another a long, new-fangled skirt, pretty enough in itself, but utterly unsuited for the sport, and the third is wearing a skirt full enough, full enough, enough"—
"Full enough to make the veriest old toper green with envy." finished the jolly little one in the short skirt. "I know just what you mean—



PREQUENT TYPES.

that an unfashionable skirt is nowhere so conthat an unfashionable skirt is nowhere so conspicuous as on the ice."

"That is an interesting study in backs." commented a man who joined the sextet as the
trio passed again, and then the girls quit talking about clothes and began to skate again.

The instructors at the rink are for the most
part young, but they know their business well,
One of them was attempting to give a novice
her first lesson, and his job was no sinecure.
She was a stout woman with gray hair, with
more determination to master the steel runners
than aptitude.

more determination to master the steel runners than aptitude.

"I'm afraid," she gasped as he led her down into the rink and put her left hand into his left hand, passed his right arm under her left arm and took her right hand.

"Steady," he answered, "Confidence is the wing of skaters. Don't be afraid of failing. And when you do feel yourself going simply let yourself roll over."

"Ugh!" elaculated the plump beginner at the very thought.

"Now try to fall," urged the instructor.

"I'm failing without trying!" shrieked the novice, balancing to the front and back, and sure



A WELL-BARNED HOLIDAY. enough before the youth could say caterpillar she was doing cross rolls forward and back-ward, but not on her skates. "She's out on her shape." sang out a college boy going by, and his sister told him he was a hored wide thing. don't be afraid," he suggested. And gradually teacher and rupil took longer and longer

don't be afraid," he suggested. And gradually teacher and pupil took longer and longer strides.

Exparts who frequent the rink are mercileas to novices. They gyrate swiftly in front of them, behind them and around them, and the signs here and there on the wall. "Fast skating not allowed," mock the unwily beginners. Just when a number of swift-footed girls were poking fun at a companion who had barely reached the go-it-alone stage their attention was diverted by the appearance of a young woman who attracted more attention even than the stunning widow or the girl with the baby face and the ability to draw beaux.

"There she is!" exclaimed an athletic young fellow who had put in at least two hours doing inner and outer edges, cross rolls, grapevines, single and double threes and eights and all sorts of feelandic hieroglyphics together.

"Who? Who? Who?" asked the girl, pushing her rough rider hat back.

"Don't you know the lied Cross nurse I told you about? There she is. She is one of the swellest young women in New York, and she volunteered and was sent to Cuba as a Red Cross turse. If she had only known, while down there nursing fever patients, that she was coming back to enjoy such cool sport, the prospect might have made her life more endurable. She comes made overy day and I love to watch her because she seems to revel so in skatting, as a child with his first pair of skates does."

"It's all well enough for you to say that," remarked the girl in a chilly tone, "but I can understand how a man would enjoy looking at that girl for herself and not for her zest."

"I don't see how you two can spend hours skating here every day," and a middle-aged man joining this couple. "Skating indoors, I suppose, is all very well, but it's too tame for much river skating can enjoy this child's play. Why, twelve years ago, before we swapped cillmates with the people of the torrid rone, we used to have skating that was skating."

"Come off the fee," interrupted the young man jocularly.

"I have," answered the old one sadly. "I d

used to have skating that was skating."

"Come off the ice," interrupted the young man jocularly.

"I have," answered the old one sadly. "I don't see any sport in this. As I was saying, my favorite pastime used to be to sail down the Connecticut River for miles and miles every day on ice. In an loeboat? No, on skates. I used to take the small sails from two cances and strap them firmly to my body, with my hands out like this, and the birds weren't in it with me. I could beat a brick wind at its own game, and the way I learned to jump those little fails that we have in the Connecticut River was a caution to professional hurdlers. There was an element of danger in sailing on skates that made it taseinating. As for skis, I had one place up there in the New England hills where I could ski for three miles and over without coming to a stop. After such sport as I ve had on skates and skis, these rinks stiffe me."

Notwithstanding such opponents of indoor skating, as a matter of fact, as soon as Jack Frost makes his presence keenly felt New York people want skating and they are bound to inve it. If nature thwarts their desire they have it anyway and the average attendance at the St. Nicholas rink, on seasonable days, which means cold days in skating parlance, is from 500 to 1,200.

NEWARK'S STATE OF MIND.

Flurry About a Man with a Silver-Mounted Bottle and a Patch of Human Hair.

Had it not been for a small stretch of ice on the Newark train platform the man would undoubtedly have alighted and gone about his ousiness without further notice from anybody. He was a commonplace looking person, clothed ing a black handsatchel. Evidently he was in a hurry, for he launched himself from the step of the still rapidly moving train right into the jaws of fate, as typifled by the little stretch of ice. Out flew his arms, up went his feet and down came his head with an emphatic thump on the wooden platform. The satchel flew from his hand and went sliding across the flooring. It was all done so swiftly that the eye was taxed to follow the various aspects of he involuntary acrobatic performance.

In the station there was the usual crowd, and. Newark people having the same appreciation of a situation as the inhabitants of other cities, a general outburst of mirth greeted the agile performance. The victim of the mishap didn't heed it. He lay prone, moving his legs feebly, stunned for the moment. Then he began painfully to get to his feet. Two men who stood near and had been convulsed with glos ran forward and helped him sympathetically. One of them felt his shoulders and arms for possible broken bones, explaining that he was a physician. The other, an elderly gentleman in a fur-lined coat, picked up his hat and restored it to him.

"How's your head?" asked the physician, steadying the sufferer as he got to his feet You haven't broken any bones, luckily." "All right, I guess," replied the traveller:

"I feel a little dizzy, that's all. That was a pretty fleree bump. Much obliged to you." "There is nothing more foolish," said the elderly man didactically, "than alighting from a moving train, or more useless. It saves no time and is likely to result in serious injuries." That's so," assented the other. "I didn't calculate to light on a skating rink, though.

What became of my grip?" The satchel had brought up against a post with such violence that it had burst open and part of its contents had rolled out upon the flooring. They had so disposed themselves that there lay close together a small silvermounted glass bottle and what looked like a patch of human hair of brownish hue. For the rest, there were bits of cloth, brushes and other small bottles. But the doctor had pounced air and was holding them up in a gingerly ashion, one in each suspicion.

of amazement and suspicion.

he said in a low tone to

of amazement and suspicion.
"Do you see those?" he said in a low tone to
the man in the fur coat.
"Certainly," replied the other. "I see a
small battle and a bit of wig.
"You see," said the doctor, with intense emphasis, "a silver mounted bottle-holder and a
section of red beard."
"Good heavens!" exclaimed the elderly man,
glancing with horrified eyes at the victim of
the tumble. "Do you suppose he could be the
poisoner?" Without replying, the doctor turned to the

Without replying, the doctor turned to the stranger, who was now busying himself with his satched while the crowd watched him, and, holding up the bottle, asked sharply:

"What does this contain, sir?"

"It contains a preparation of my own," said the man, with a tinge of resentment in his tone.

"Oh, a preparation of your own, eh?" repeated the doctor, with sarcastic emphasis.

"Made it yourself, I suppose?" suggested the iderly gentleman in the fur coat, looking at him keenly.

You seem a lot interested, you people," retorted the other. "At any rate, it's my bottle and I'll thank you to give it back to me. While you're doing that you can tell me what you think is in it."

The doctor and the elderly gentleman looked

think is in it."

The doctor and the elderly gentleman looked at each other and nodded.

"The police might be interested in that, too," said the former.

It might contain, for instance, evanide of mercury," said the latter.

mercury," said the latter.
There was a murmur from the crowd, which pressed forward. les, or it might contain pink extract of rain-Tes, or it might contain pink extract of rainbow," said its owner, coolly, "only it don't."

He took it from the hand of the doctor, then took the patch of hair, and put them both in the satchel, which he closed.

"You needn't think you can got away that easily," cried the doctor excitedly. "I'll turn you over to the police."

"For what? I think you must be off your base."

base."

"There's evidence enough right in that bar to show you are the red-headed man that got the poison to send to Harry Cornish," said the fur-coated old gentleman. "There's the red beard and there's the bottle. What more is recoded?" needed?"
"Grab him!" called a voice from the rear of
the crowd. "Don't let him go. I'll get a poiceman.
"Keep your hands off me," said the man.
"What's all this about? Polson? Cornish?
Oh, I remember reading about that a couple of

weeks ago."
"Remember nothing:" shouted a voice.
"That's a bluff."
"No. it isn't. I we been travelling in the back-"No, it isn't. I've been travelling in the back-woods for the last month and haven't read the

No, it isn't I've been traveling in the backwoods for the last month and haven't read the
papers."

"That's ail very well," said the doctor, "but
how do you account for the red beard and the
bottle which is just like the one that contained
the evanide of mercury?"

"Mighty little like it. If I remember the description. Anyhow, I don't know that I'm
obliged to account for those things; but I'm
afraid some of you fly people will go away and
burst a bloodyesse! with excitement it you
don't find out, so I'il tell you. I'm travelling
for a hair-dye ilm. That bottle there is one of
our fancy ones. The red beard, as my friend
with the whiskers on his ulster calls it, is a wig
sample on which I make my tests."

He opened his satchel while the crowd gaped,
and teck out more hair of various hues and
many other little bottles.

"There's some more of my lay-out," he said,
"and here are a few of my cards, which you can
pin in your hats for future reference."

He scattered a dozen with a toss of his hand.
One of them lodged in the doctor's hat brim.
He knocked it out testily and disappeared
ithrough the crowd, followed by the elderly
gentleman.
"If there's any prize amateur keen-eyed

through the crowd, followed by the elderly gentleman.

"If there's any prize amateur keen-eyed vellow detective in this crowd that isn't satisfied yet." continued the stranger as he returned the articles to the satchel and closed it; "I'd just tell him now that I'm going the round of the barber shops, where there's about flity harbers who can identify me, and he can follow on if he wants to."

He shoved his way, none too gently, out of the circle and walked away. Nobody followed. boy going by, and his sister told him he was a horrid, rude thing.

The instructor brought the beginner to her feet and advised her to start forward, just as if the shoved his way, none too gently, out of she were walking. Take short steps and the circle and walked away. Nobody followed.

CANADA'S SPORT CHANGED.

RNOWSHOEING, TOBOGGANING AND ICE CARNIVALS THINGS OF THE PAST. Hard to Find a Toboggan or a Snowshoe in

scome the Popular Fad-The Teams. MONTREAL, Jan. 19 .- A wonderful change has taken place in Canadian winter sports during recent years, a change that many when they look back can scarcely realize. It seems only yesterday to the average citizen at Montreal that hundreds and thousands of their American cousins came about this time of the year to witness the great ice carnivals that brought Montreal world-wide fame. If an American comes to Montreal to-day he comes for the fine, bracing, even winter atmosphere. Perhaps, too, he comes for the reason that he can have day after day steady sleighing and skating. There is no going to bed with two feet of snow on the ground and waking up the next day to find it nearly, all gone. The Canadian winters are the same, even if the sports are altered.

And how they have altered! Where are the merry snowshoers who night after night used to meet at their different clubhouses throughout the city and go scampering over the snowclad mountain with their jolly sougs, dances and general pranks at the mountain clubhouse, and return at all hours in the morning? Where are the toboggan alides and the toboggans, the terror of so many visitors, English and American, in days gone by? They are almost memories. If you wanted to buy a toborgan in Montreal to-day you would scarce-ly know where to go for it. And little use you could put it to if you succeeded in mak-ing a purchase. Of the four or five slides that existed in Montreal seven or eight years ago there is not one remaining. In 1896 an effort was made to maintain the famous Park slide behind Mount Royal, and it was said that a sufficient number of subscribers could not be procured to permit the slide to be run for even a short time. Anyway, the scheme fell through and Montreal was content to go without one. Many were sorry that the sport should disappear so abruptly and wrote liberally to the papers about it, but they declined to give; it support, and it ended there.

Once in a while now a night wanderer going up one of the hilly streets leading from Sherbrooke street to the mountain will see a small merry party of people coasting down the centre of the street on toboggans, and they actually look upon it as a novelty. Some will greet the slow pace they go at with screams of laughter, a contrast decidedly to the way they treated the sliding on the prepared shoots when it was in vogue.

So the toboggan is dead in Montreal, and the giorious sport of snowshoeing that once brought thousands of young and old Canadians together on a single occasion is follow-ing rapidly in its wake. When a man goes along the streets dressed in snowshoe costume to-day people actually turn and stare at him. He is almost a novelty. A "union" tramp of all the snowshoe clubs in Montreal held the early part of this month brought out scarcely more than 125 men. And what is more, they were nearly all veterans who turned out, it almost seemed, just for "Auld Lang Syne." The meeting place on this occasion was the Windsor Hotel, and the citizens of the city ounging around were almost as surprised at the sight as were the American guests. The St. George Club still maintains its clubhouse on the mountain, but the great Athletic clubhouse away behind the mountain at Côte des Neiges, the meeting place of so many clubs in

days gone by, is long since a thing of the past. But that the sport will again come into popular favor many still believe, and perhaps in a few years' time the old snowshoe song of the Montreal Club will again scho through the pines of the mountain, sung by sturdy youths scampering cheerily along in Indian file: For fifty years our club has lived

On cups and medals not a few You'll find engraved its fame. When limbs are stiffened by old time We'll keep the club in view To wear the bright "tuque bleu."

REFRAIN. Lightly dipping, tripping o'er the snow, This club in Indian file Tramps off for many a mile,

Lightly dipping, tripping o'er the snow. Hurrah for the wearers of the bright "tuque blen Do not think from this, however, that Canadians have given up winter sports altogether. Far from it; their tastes have changed. Tobogganing and snowshoeing have disappeared only to give way to skating among the young Skating in the last three years has grown marvellously. Every winter the magnificent field of the Montreal Athletic Association is flooded over and is used as a rink. The subscribers number away up in the thousands and the fee is occupied from early in the morning until late at night. The society women naturally favor the morning, and with a number of their men friends they practically have the ice to themselves. Not infrequently one of the military bands of the city is brought into service and then follows one of the prettiest sights in the world-dancing on skates. In the afternoon the school children are to be found in

hundreds, and then in the evening everybody. But this is not the only rink. There is the old Victoria (covered in), which perhaps the American visitors know best, and other rinks are springing up all over the city. The French people in the east end have taken passionately to skating, and altogether Montreal has more rinks than ever before.

Curling, too, has never been in a more flourshing condition than at the present time. The older curlers of the Board of Trade and Stock Exchange leave business early in the afternoon, and it is midnight before the lights are out in the rinks and the slaves of the "roaring game" are on their way home-Then there is bookey, which apparently

gains in popularity each winter. Besides the regular league teams, the Shamrocks, the Victorias and the Montreals, who play with the clubs of Ottawa and Quebec, and less frequently with Winnipeg, owing to the distance. the canks and other leading insurance companies all have teams, and so have the railroads, telegraph companies and newspapers. In fact, hocker is a fever, and it seems to be especially contagious. An enormous rink, the Arena, was built in Montreal this year for hockey alone, and all the matches are played there. The crowds attending the big contests average about 2,000, and a hockey crowd is positively the noisiest in the world. The game is fast and replete with so many exciting incidents that the excitement is kept at fever heat from the time the referee blows his whistle to the end of the game. There is no doubt that the Canadian importations have done much to improve the game in New York from a playing standpoint, but Canada has kept its finest players, and their work in a contest that is going to count in the championship is nothing short of marvellous. It has to be seen to be appreciated. So hockey, skating and curling live to-day

at the expense of snowshoeing, tobogganing and ice carnivals. Among the richer_people sleighing will of course never go out, but the fashionable tandem club of the ice carnival days ceases to exist.

Chief Justice Marshall's Neglected Grave From the Bultimure San.

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 10.—The grave here of Chief Justice John Marshall, whose name is now so often mentioned in the Senate in connection with the discussion of the Philippine question, is utterly neglected. The ashes of this great arrist are in shockee Cemetery, in this city, it is with difficulty that those acquainted with that burial place can locate the spot. Public attention is to-day called to this fact, and a movement is their to be started to induce the Legislanure to take some action in this matter. Something, it is insisted by the most prominent inwyers in Virginia, should be done to make Marshall's resting place at least respectable in appearance. It is claimed that the State Har Association should take up this matter and compel public sentiment to crystallize into action for the reclamation of that grave.

MR. ROMERO AS AN ENTOMOLOGIST. The Late Mexican Minister's Stay at the

Muldoon Training Hospital In this city there are a number of men who some years ago were thrown into daily asso-ciation with Senor Romero, the late Mexican Montreal in These Days-Great Increase Minister, in a common attempt to retrieve their shattered health and who felt a very keen in the Number of Skaters-Hockey Has regret at learning of the recent death of the popular diplomatist. They were inmates together of the training and recreation hospital conducted by William Muldoon, the wrestler, at White Plains. Thither the Mexican diplomatist had gone to build up his system, and there he worked faithfully under the direction

of the expert trainer for several weeks. Mme.

Romero went with him. It was a curiously assorted company of which the pair found themselves a part. There were two young millionaires there who had broken down from drink and dissipation and who were now groaning under the rigor of Muldoon's treatment in such cases; an author who had been doing his work on oplum and had suddenly awakened to the realization that he was enslaved to that deadly drug; a politiclan who fostered the worths ambition of reducing his weight from 230 to 180 bounds; a clergyman who lived in equally worthy hopes of increasing his weight from a scant 08 to 140 rounds: two cases of plain overwork and a victim of the eigarette habit who wasn't sure whether he had any lungs left, but had deelded to make one more effort to live on the hypothesis that he had a fraction still remaining. One of the overwork cases, a lawyer of this city, tells this story of his first meeting with Senor Romero and his introduction by that gentleman to the circle:

It was a warm, bright summer day when the New Yorker reached White Plains and he dismissed his carriage at the gate of Mul-doon's place, which is a large estate near the town's limits, intending to walk up the long driveway to the house. He had not walked far when he beheld a very small and slight old gentleman wearing an immense straw sun hat of the ten-cent variety well on the back of his head and brandishing a net in his hand come rushing as fast as he could through the tall grass toward the driveway. Considerable in advance of the net, and preserving its distance with conspicuous case, a winged object was making a becline for the newcomer. The New Yorker, who is something of an entomologist himself, stood waiting, and as the flying thing came within reach, knocked it down with his hat. It fell fluttering into the grass, and the next instant the aged purauer arriving, breathless, had clapsed his net over it and dropped to a sitting bosition, pantung but triumphant. As soon as he could speak he said in a slightly foreign accent:

"I am greatly indebted to you, sir. Without your aid the butterfly would surely have escaped me. I make you my compliments upon your actility."

"I am glad to have been of any service," said the newcomer politely.

"The other skilfully transferred his captive from the net into a jar of evanide, which he took from a capacious pocket, and in which it soon fluttered itself to death. Then stroking his gray beard, he looked inquiringly at the yourself; to fare plainly and do much hard work and live in the sunshine?"

The New Yorker replied that he expected to spend a fortnight at least in the place.

"Indeed. Then perhaps you will come to this, too," The old gentleman waved his net. "It is much more interesting than one might suppose, this form of the hunt."

"Ye done considerable of it myself in past years," said the newcomer. "What luck have you had to-day?" cried the other, with manifest pleasure. "I am but the amateur. I took it up for amusement, and now I have a book in which I look up all my captives, their pedigrees and all about them. But it is very puzzling and there is much that I have a book in which I look up all my captives, their pedigrees and all about them. But it is very puzzling and there is much that I have a book in which I look up all my captives, their pedigrees a gentleman wearing an immense straw sun hat of the ten-cent variety well on the back of

one of the catocala variety, but which one I don't know."

"But it is now broad daytime." objected the old gentieman, "and the book says that the moths fly at night. Is there a mistake?"

"If there is it was on the part of the moth. If he'd kent quiet you probably wouldn't have noticed him at all. Where did you etart him?"

"He must have been, I think, sitting on the bark of a tree. I leaned against the tree and out he flew and I flew after him, but his wings wore better than my legs."

"That kind don't fly in the daytime, unless alarmed," said the old gentleman, pouring out of his jar the specimens he had captured. "I have had a good day's sport already. Here is a Hunfera and here an Antiope and here one that I think is a Lavina, but I cannot be sure because the description in the book is not definite. It is the first of this kind that I have seen and I chase him far and over fences and through one small brook before he lights and I creep up and swoop him."

The neged butterfly hunter's face was eager as a child's and his eyes sparkled. The New Yorker thought him a most charming and unsophisticated old person. They walked along toward the house together planning out excursions as soon as the new arrival could get himself a net made, and discussing the entomological possibilities of the region. As they approached the door the New Yorker introduced himself by name. In return the old gentleman said:

"My name is Romero and I am a Mexican."

"You have a very distinguished countryman of your name in Washington," said the other innocently. "Possibly you are of the same family."

of your name in washington, said the other innocently. "Possibly you are of the same family."

"I am the Mexican Minister," replied the butterfly hunter simply.

The New Yorker looked at him aghast, not knowing whether to consider him the virtim of an insane belief or himself the victim of a practical joke. That this little old enthusiast with the rather scraggly beard and the thin, eager face under the ridiculous sun hat could be one of the most polished diplomats and popular society men in Washington seemed a little too much to believe. Señor Romero smiled as the New Yorker, realizing that he was staring rudely, stammered an anology. "Come in and let me present you to Mme. Romero," he said. "She looks the diplomatic part better than I do."

During his stay at the place the lawyer became very well acquainted with the diplomat and they took daily excursions after butterflies when the weather permitted. The diplomat was apparently wrapped up in that one pursuit. All the time that he could get from

and they took daily excursions after butterfiles when the weather permitted. The diplomat was apparently wrapped up in that one
pursuit. All the time that he could get from
the rigidly prescribed exercise insisted upon
by Muldoon he spent in collecting specimens
or mounting those already collected. In the
prescribed work he was the life of the house,
so energetic was his spirit despite the slightness of his frame and his apparent debility.
Muldoon used to say that the sight of the little diplomat struggling with a "medicine bail'
almost as heavy as himself was a more potent
incentive to work on the part of the others
than all the urging that Muldoon himself
could give. The dissipated and broken-down
young millionaires were ashamed to fall behind the old gentleman, and he on his part
strove so hard to keep up with whatever form
of exercise was going on that Muldoon's one
fear in regard to him was that he might injare himself through overwork. His quiet
hut never-falling good humor made him the
most popular man in the establishment, and
when he and Mme. Romero left, taking the
mounted and prepared captives of his net
with them, it was a blue day for the rest of
the community.

CHINESE AT HAWAIPS DOORS. Tips for Cheating the Treasury Agents Sent

HONOLULU, Jan. 13, via San Francisco, Jan. 0.-Eight petitions for writs of habeas corpus

re pending in the Supreme Court in the cases of Chinamen who have been prevented from landing by Special Agent Brown and Collector-General McStocker. A decision is expected next week. If it is adverse the Chinamen will send to Washington Attorney Robertson, whose father was once Chief Justice of the Hawailan Islands, to appeal to the Secretary of the Treasury, to Congress or to the St preme Court in their behalf. A petition has

preme Court in their behalf. A petition has already been sent to the Treasury Department, and it is hoped that this will secure the recognition of permits to land issued by the Hawaiian Government.

The Chinese, who are at quarantine awaiting examination as to their right to enter the islands, are kept secluded, and no one is allowed to visit them from shore, as visitors couch new arrivals in regard to the questions asked by officials. But this seclusion has been in vain, as it has just been discovered that cunning Chinese on shore have been sending manuscript instructions to new arrivals concealed in the interior of bulbs of the Chinese lilt, a great Chinese delicay.* The letters gave minute details of how to cheat the customs regulations.

Birdie's Appetite.

From the Catholic Mandard and Times, "Have you met Mr. Woolly, the Western millionaire?" asked the share-faced young lady.
"Oh, yes:" replied the plump one; "he took me in to dinner at Mrs. Hytone's last night. He was quite gallant, and remarked upon my bird-like appetite."
Indeed, dear! Well, he's a good judge. You know he runs an ostrich farm in California."

Pond's Extract Chilblains, Frostbites, Sore Throat, Sore Chest, Bronchitis, Coughs and Colds. (Avoid Substitutes.) Pond's Extraot reflects its virtues wherever used.

Dond's----xtract first soothes, then permanently cures itching or intment bleeding pilea, however severe. It is a specific in all skin diseases, and gives quick relief in burns and bruises Testimonials from all classes prove its efficacy. Price 50 cents; trialsize 25 cents. All druggists, or sent by mail. Put up only by POND'S EX-TRACT CO., 76 Fifth Av., N.Y. City.

There isn't anything "just as good."

Patent Issued by the Government for Such a Process in 1877.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.-While one department of the Government is struggling with the question of the existence of such a commodity "embalmed beef" and its alleged use as a food for American soldiers, another department has on record the details of the beefembalming process and has given protection to the inventor of the article "Embaimed beef" in the Patent Office dates back to 1877, when letters patent were granted for the process, evidently the outcome of experiments following the allowance of patents for embaiming human bodies, two years before. John L. Alberger of Buffalo, New York State,

was the man who secured the original patent for a "process of preserving flesh," under letters ratent No. 194,569, granted Aug. 28, 1877, The Alberger patent covered these four points; "I. The process of preserving flesh for food by injecting the carcass, or any portion thereof, with a saline solution containing carbolic or salicylic acid, substantially in the proportions specified, whereby the albuminous juices are fixed and their decomposition prevented, while

the nutritive and market value of the meat is correspondingly increased. 2. The process of preserving flesh for food 2. The process of preserving fleen for food by first injecting the same with a saline solu-tion, then subjecting the injected meat to a refrigerating temperature for curing the bones and cartilages, and then immersing the in-jected meat in brine of suitable strength for withdrawing from the injected meat any ex-cess or supplying thereto any deficiency in sail.

The process of immersing the injected

sait.

"I. The process of immersing the injected meat for finally curing the same in the saline solution, which has passed through the careass, after the saline solution has been heated, so as to separate the coagulable matters from

"4. The process of treating the injected flesh trimmings by packing the same in bars, smoking them, then boiling the same in water, and packing them in air-tight cans."

In his specification, submitted to the Patent Offices with his application on April 10, 1877, Alberger claimed merit for his invention as an improvement on the methods of using common salt, through the addition of either carbolle or salleylic acid, and he even went so large to declare that the acid process improved the quality and appearance of the meat, besides increasing the weight. In his criticism of the use of common salt he said:

"The mode or process of injecting the carcass simply with a saline solution is imperfect and unreliable for curing meat for the market in the following particulars: The saline solution in injected into the arteries and capillaries constringes the tissues, and thereby prevents the marrow bones and harder 4. The process of treating the injected flesh

market in the ionowing particulars: Ine saline solution injected into the arteries and capillaries constringes the tissues, and thereby prevents the marrow bones and harder cartilages from receiving the necessary quantity of saline solution to fully cure the same, which frequently causes the marrow bones, cartilages, and adjacent parts to run into decomposition, either in smoking or afterward. The albuminous judees, which are very act to putrefy, are drawn out of the meat by the ordinary process of saiting or pickling, while the process of injection leaves a portion of these judees in the meat, without curing them, whereby the meat is rendered liable to sour or run into the composition after a greater or less length of time, according to the degree of heat to which it is exposed."

In the patentee's process the carcass, immediately after the animal was killed, was prepared for injection by opening the chest and forming apertures in both sides of the heart. The solution was made by mixing in one gallon of water three pounds of salt, eigh ounces of sugar, two onness of sultpetre, and crystallized carbolic acid in the proportion of half an ounce to about 120 gallons of brine. Salivylic acid could be substituted for carbolic 1z like proportion.

The carcass was injected with this solution under a hydrostatic head of about eight feet expelling the blood from the vessels and permeating the tissues with the solution. This done, Alberger claimed these superiorities for the acid over the simple salt solution: "The acid has the effect to fix or coagulate and retain in the tissues the scluble albuminous mixes, which amount to from 3 to 5 per cent, of the weight of the animal. The juiess, after having been under the influence of the carbolic or salicylic acid, are no longer putrefactive, while they are of great nutritive value."

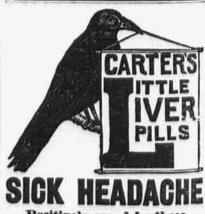
There was a refrigerating process connected with Alberger's plan, but this was only a dewice and the substituted with Alberger's plan, but this was only a dewice and the substituted with Alberger'

value."

There was a refrigerating process connected with Alberger's plan, but this was only a detail of the embalming. He held the injected meat in cold storage for from three to filized days, while the marrow bones and cartilages were absorbing the acid solution.

Gets a Wife and Borrows a Gallows From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 17.—Sheriff Richard E. Palin of Oldham county was in Louisville today on a queer combination of missions. He came to get married and to get a seaffold on which to hang a man. In both he was successful. He crossed to Jeffersonville with Miss Katle Riggs of Owingsville and was married by the Rev. T. M. Myers. Then he went to Sheriff Bell and borrowed a scaffold on which to hang Henry siller, colored, at Lagrange on Feb. 4. Miller has been sentenced for an assault committed on Mrs. Leete.



Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsiz, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongus Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Doses Small Price.